tion of her husband. In following Paris she is simply the unconscious slave of Aphrodite, who, to carry out the pledge given to Paris on Mount Ids, when he bestowed on her the prize of beauty, has placed Helen under a spell, whereby she leses for a season all knowledge of her preceding life. When the goddess lends her to Paris on the morning of their flight from Lace domen her mind is a white page, as utterly free from a record of the past as we must conceive Eve's to have been when she was brought to Adam in the garden. Of course there is no warrant in the Homeric narrative for thus purifying the relation of the lovers so far as the woman was concerned. The singer of a primitive world, in which the sexual instincts are frankly recognized, if not glorifled, could not so much as understand the motive which has prompted Mr. Lang. But we can understand it at a time when the obscenities of Vilion are extelled by the high priests of a certain school of culture, and when such vicious aberrations from the normal type of humanity as Messalina and Faustina find their paroxysmallaureates. And, after all, Mr. Lang has but sought to do for Helen what Rache tried to do for 'Phodre' when he depicted her not as the willing votary, but the involuntary victim of

Venus, tout' entiere à sa prote attachee. The poem opens in the house of Monelaus at Lacodamon, whither King Diceles of Phore has come as a guest, bringing with him a young stranger from the further side of the Egen. We have a first glimpse of Paris in the following lines:

Beside King Directes there and a man of all men theretal sure the fairest far. Par over its purple role Sidentia. They clicked her shows brighter than the star Of the iring greaten locks that hearth war. He face was like the studying, and the blue that eyes no weren what the spel to mar. Were clear as skips the storm had thunder'd through.

Paris is wandering in quest of the guerdon promised him by Aphrodite, and does not yet know that Helen is to be his recompense. Ac-sordingly, at the feast made for him by Mene-laus he recounts the strange contention of the three goddesses on Mount Ida, and the ver-diet which he gave:

These vaces slid I follow through the trees.
Threading the epipper heath a starless sky.
When let the very green of God lesses.
In golden heatiff gleaning wentrously,
Liven she that high the Heaven for gameny.
And in the arms of mighty Zens noth alsoAnd then for dread methologist that I must die.
But Hern called me with soft voice and deep.

Then, as I doubted, like a sudden fame
out effice region Athene, and metholight
Beholding her, how sintley, as she came.
That dim wood to a fragrant fame was wrought;
So were the warlike madden second, that mought
that her own whose commanding made no raise.
Not so, as to see her beauty, who becought
In briefest words the guerden of all traise.

Last, in a lovely mist of rosy fire, white Approxime through the forest glade. The others of all deliging and all desire, "New fact that which has also of the she laid to the libral more a wild wave that such discoupld, What thus the sea grew smoother than a lake."

"Oh, Paris, what is power? Tantajus
And Sheyhes were kinds long time and
Bethow they be in the Lake Poloricus.
The hills of helf are noisy with their wese.
As swift the tiles of Empire eith and flow,
And that is quirkly lost was herely won.
As lines hered is re-well did know.
When high walls help d not King Laousedon.

. And what are strength and courage? for the child

\* She spake, and touched the prize, and all grew dim.
I heard no voice of angar'd Dedty.
But round me that the night air swoon and twein,
And, when I waken d, lot the sun was high."

In the night that follows the festival Aphrodite appears to Helen, and reveals to her her desti-ny, and when she revolts at it lays on her the spell by which she will be rendered blameless:

The instruments of men are blind and draub.
And this one gift I give thee, to be blind
And heddess of the thing that is to come.
And ignorant of that which is behind.
Bearing an innecent forgettin sind
In each new fortune fill I visit thee
And sixt this bear. As lightlying and the wind
Fear fire and thouse through a sleeping sea."

The flight of Paris and Helen is described in some striking stanzas, from which we quote: Be many an island fort and many a haven. They sped, and many a crowded arectal. They sped, and many a crowded arectal. They saw the loves of gods and men engraven On frience of Astart's temple wall. They heard that ancient shepherd Proteus call His thock from forth the green and tumbling less, and saw white Theirs with her madens and Sweep up to high Olympus from the sea.

So the wind draw them, and the waters here Across the great green, plain unharvested. Till through an after glow they knew the fact Faint rose of snew on distant lide, hend, And swriter then the jovens oursame speci. But night was ended, and the waves were fire Heneath the fleet feet of a dawning red. Or see they won the land of their deare.

. . . . .

The story of Helen's life in Troy and of the The story of Helen's life in Troy and of the ten years' slegge is judiciously compressed, though here and there a scene of the Homeric narrative is vividly reproduced. We puss over this portion of the poem in order to cite a passage which recounts how Paris, sick of his death wound, is carried to the forest where his old love, the wood nymph Chone, may heal him if she will;

They reach it the pateway of that highest gien and halvel, we ordering what the end should be; But have a linear if it is not should be; But have a linear if it is not specially thousand the Wilse halvest in the But high special thousand the special thousand the special thousand the special special thousand the special special thousand the special special

Ab, there with wide entow round her tike a pail, then are created in sable robes; as still. A winter breaching over the asymmetric fall, (ir Night unon live launted hill. A wonant changed to stone to grief, where chill the carnitype fall like bears, and the wind sight; And Prais decised to same the dealty will Unmoved in wild change a feesing paid.

"Nav. prayer to her were vain as prayer to Fate,"
Le normar de dimeet gael that it was so.
Let some sick our that ne do alonger wait
De his bain belt as Death draws near his wos.
And Para beeven it to his men, and slow
They bere him dying from that faths place.
And did not turn rayle and did not know
The soft repentance on Goothe's face.

During the sack of Troy Aphrodite save. Helen from outenge, and conveys her to the tentof Menclaus:

So wounded to his but and search:

Came Menclaus and he how d his head Browsh the mind mither fair nor high a first the control of the control of

For Aphrodite mode the past unknown
T. Helen as of old when in the dew
Of that fair dawn the net was round her thrown;
Noy, now no memory of Troy brake through
The most that wait from her event ages and blue
The dreadful daws and deeds all overnest,
And shally one size great her bred news.
And shally would not arms have round in neast.

But Menclaus cannot bring himself to feel supthing but loathing, and she is straightway dragged forth to be stoned by the Achaians:

But as in far off days that were to be.
The sense of their own in did men constrain.
The these man days the strong men from
Who, by their law high early been sixin,
So Height Senate much their atter van.
And one by one like gather diffinite let fall.
And like men should they after some the plain.
Back to the swift sings and their festival.

But Menalaus fook'd on her and said,
" thath no man then condense if thee is there none.
To shed thy blood for all that thus inset done.
Nay, as thene own soul first there is one.
That will not let the horror beauty free.
But stay those to Posedon and the sun.
Before a stip A-ham takes the sea."

Therewith he drew his sharp sword from his thigh As one intent to slay here but beheld.

A sudden mure of shone across the skyl A cloud of roly line, a flood of good.

And Aphrender man from torth the fold.

Of wonderner man and sudden at he feet.

Thru fell the rubbess award that never fell When spens the barriers in the battle din. For A bright te space, and like a spell Wrought beyon and the a spell Wrought berewest voice because, till within his beart there has an ubrancy of sig.

No librat for engraves more, but of grew plain, And or sait was mostless in desire is win. The golden heart of Heisen once ugain.

closing stances of a poem which seems to us the most creditable reproduction of a Greek story in English verse, on something like an ends scale since Mr. William Morris undertook to freat the myth of Jason;

"Icath not nighth of JASCH:

"Icath not all tales," but this he ends theory
To a year on gray within the ends of fair
I the not not be seen to the contact
I the second the contact of the code is he is a fair
I the not not not the code is he is not there
the second to the code is he is not there
is not not a not all grief is left behind,
Begin to the contact in exchanged air.
Begin to the contact of the western wind.

But thelen neer a want in Heathendorn,

The drown is growing green, in I to the Loss

THE TRAITS OF LONDON HOUSES.

London, Oct. 4.-One London house differs from another London house only in point of size, for the same plan is followed whether you inhabit a mansion at £1,500 a year or a villa at £60. No glazed portion or covered en-trance protects the street door. Even at the Mansion House on gala days mere strips of red bunting and scattered sawdust, suggesting the entrance to a circus, offer a doubtful protection to those who leave their carriages on the slippery pavement, and stand in the rain till the hall doors are opened to receive them. The wind rushes past you straight into the dwelling rooms, as no inner vestibule, placed at a convenient angle, offers any impediment to the onslaught of the draught, and the outer air expires at last on the first landing, after sweeping up the stairs, which invariably face the front entrance. Winter and summer, whether three hundred guests are bidden to a feast which costs thousands, or whether the old and delicate return from their daily airing, no shelter is offered them. Wherever a gathering of carringes or the lantern of the linkman proclaims a social assemblage, a little avenue of human beings forms itself on the sidewalk, and while trailing velvet skirts and satin shoes get besmirehed in the transit, their wearers must listen to the coarse and stupid comments of roughs and street loungers, who vie with each

other in personal remarks.

After ascending the stairs, which are steep iron balusters and mahogany railings, you come to a landing on which open the two or three doors of the reception rooms, and you behold that abomination yelept a double drawing room-not a suit of apartments opening into each other, facing the same light, and having the same proportions, but constructed in the shape of a grand piano, broad in the front, narrow at the back. The smaller com-

into each other, facing the same light, and having the same proportions, but constructed in the shape of a grand piano, broad in the front, narrow at the back. The smaller compariment gives upon mews, blank wells, or a nideous prespect, which has to be strictly excluded by stained or unpolished glass, curtains and window conservatorics adding their quota of gloom to the premiling darkness. Except where the shadows have been intensified by painting checolate and dark red Pompeian interiors, or where Burne Jones has planted lillers and sunflowers in stiff, sad vases, or Morris finaugurated pencecks walking round friezes of green gold, the general decoration and furnishing of these houses are penderous and heavy. The diming from must above all be massive. Any attempt to introduce light and air is considered as a trait of unbecoming levity, and the pompous butter would refuse to officiate at a sideboard that did not weigh a couple of tons. When, during six weeks at a time, London lies shrouded in impenetrable fogs, the moral effect of these highly respectable interiors is inexpressibly depressing, and it seems as if a last heavy pall had been ruthlessly stretched on the ordinary funercal trappings.

Our bedrooms are mostly inconvenient small, and meanly furnished. As we have made it a criminal offenes to throw open the doors of our sleeping apartments to our friends, we do not doem it necessary to lavish any pains or expense on their decoration and furnishing. They are all done on one pattern: tidied in the same way by the upper housemaid. No comfortable chairs, books, writing materials, no traves of feminine occupation or presence, give any clue to the tastes and habits of their occupants. The nurseries are relegated to the top of the bouse, and form a starting, paintin contrast with the gorecolor soom below. Valuing a fact of the surface of a gentleman will be subject the square uninpencally the more part of the part of the surface of the

JOB MATLOCK AS SEEN IN THE SPIRIT.

IN THE MEDICINE BOW RANGE, Oct. 8 .- The water had failed in the mountain gulches. My senson's work of placer mining was over. Time began to hang heavily. I had tired of walking through the forests looking at game I had no need to kill. The work of a family of beavers that had greatly interested me was almost completed, and their houses were well above the water of their dam when I bade them good-

by for the winter.

I had walked up to the base of the Snowy Range, hoping to find a herd of cik that I had seen there in the summer, but they had migrated to the bare hills through which the North Piatte River flows, Coming down the rugged mountain flanks I met Jim Clark, miner, trapper, prospector, whom I had known years ago in Idaho, towing a white donkey up the log-encumbered trail that led through the lofty pass in the Snowy llange.

Jim and I were stanch friends. We had

camped together on the Cour d'Alèue Mountains; we had fished in the clear, rapid water of Thompson's River; we had poled a rude raft on Bend d'Oreille Lake. Once, hidden in a recess among the recks, we had looked out on the Spokane Indians, and debated whether to go into their camp at the fishery for the purpose of buying a fresh salmon, or to stay where we were in safety. Clark had suggested that the chief, Spokane Garry, raight be drunk. After ascending the stairs, which are stoop and he was a trifle disagreeable, not to say ma-and generally narrow, with the old hideous licious, when in his cups; and in addition to this possibility, there was an unsettled affair concerning a spotted pony between Garry and Clark. Naturally the latter was disinclined to meet the dusky chieftain when surrounded by five or six hundred braves. As Clark tersely expressed our movements, "We skipped for the Bitter Boot Mountains and Fish Creek Pass" as soon as it became sufficiently dark to mask our movements, I was glad to meet my old comrade. We sat

on a sunsy log and talked. He told me that he was going across the range to search for a placer that his courrade. Joe Matlock, had discovered when on his way to California in 1850. They had been driven from the overland route, leading up the Cache in Pondre River, by the Ute Indians. They had crossed the mountains and entered the North Park. While there Matlock had prospected, and found good pay somewhere on the eastern slope of the second range. It was this gulch my friend was going to senreh for. As he talked the desire to John him took possession of me, and I said: Jim, come home with me to-night. To-morrow I will go with you. I want to see that country. I will help you prospect. He readily agreed to this, and we walked slowly home. I noticed that the old-time fire and joy were lacking in my comrade. He was nervous. He started slightly at the sharp noise made as pine trees rabbed against one another. He seemed to be depressed in spirits. Vainty I tried to cheer him. Gayly I talked of the famous times we had had together in northern idahe and Montana. He shalled almost sadly in reply to some of my light-hearted reminiscences, and said: "Ah, Frank I am 60 years old. Life is not as enjoyable as it once was. The comrades of my youth are mostly dend. Some of them who are still living are among the human wreeks that every stormy mining excitement strands on the flanks of these rugged mountains. They are living in deserted villages and in isolated cabins hidden in lonely guiches. They are patiently waiting for death to lay his kindly hand on them."

That night Cark sat by my open fire smoking and gazing into the ruddy blaze. As he cannot go the same way to be over the mountains of these rugged mountains. They are living in deserted villages and in isolated cabins hidden in lonely guiches. They are patiently waiting for death to lay his kindly hand on them."

That night chark sat by my open fire smoking and gazing into the ruddy blaze. As he cannot show the same shows the east of the story was well told. I coosed the book reluciantly. Jim, I said, I have been was going across the range to search for a covered when on his way to California in 1850.

with a me with living are among the burner of them with a me with living are among the burner of the strands on the flanks of these ranged mountains. They are living in deserted villages and in isolated cabins hidden in lonely guidees. They are patiently witing for death to lay his kindly hand on them.

That night Clark satby my open fire smoking and gozing into the ruddy blaze. As in feature of the stranger of the grands in the third of his hard to be a stranger of the guide of the large of the grands of the stranger of the guide o

The state of the s

beard, clear and sharp, the swish of snow shoes switty gliding over the snow. Looking up I saw a man who was mounted on a pair of snow shoes that were painted a duli red. I saw this man plainty. It was Joe Matlock. He was dressed in a suit of fringed buckskin. A black felt hat was on his head. Notwithstanding the velocity with which he was descending the mountain, his long, black hair lung straight down his back. His guiding pole, grasped in both hands, was held across his breast. Joo was sliding down the steep mountain hank at full speed. I saw his body lean to the left. His pole struck the snow sharply. The off edges of the long, red shoes raised slightly. As his course changed I saw that he was heading directly for the crest of a high ledge of rocks. Coming to the crest he crouched low on his shoes and then, with mighty spring, jumped high in the air. He alighted far below in an adder thicket. I plainly heard the swish of the snow shoes as they swiftly slid over the frozen snow that down the mountain, but I did not hear the crash that should have followed the lang. Hastening along the trail I came to the likeket, and, to my surprise, I could not find the slightest trace of a track of a snow shoes.

The sun was sinking behind the serrated at the Platte River. While I was cating my support, I loard something scat itself at my fire. Instinctively I knew that It was Joe. Before I lay down I dragged a couple of logs to the fire and threw them on. Lying in my blankets I could feel the presence at the fire. I fell asleep to awake with a start about 100 clock. Seated on a log, with hands outstretched, as though seeking to warm them, was the figure of Joe, dressed as in the morning. He was looking earnestly at me. I spoke to him. He shook his head negatively, turned his face away from me, and continued to warm his lands. Again I slept. In the morning when I awoke he had disappeared. I have not seen him sines. "Again Clark was silent for an instant. Then, in explanation of his religious belief, he said: "I have been a

TOUNG BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SPEECH.

Visiently Denouncing the Christian Free Schools-Suit Lake Politics. SALT LAKE, Oct. 8 .- There is a larger attendance at the present Mormon Conference than ever before in the history of the Territory. The local railroads reduced fares so as to allow those who had very little scrip in their purse an opportunity to come to Zion. Besides, it was expected that the church officials would pay their respects to the Government for the passage of the Edmunds bill, and to Murray and the Commission for enforcing its provisions. All this came to pass. The first two daily sessions, were held in the new Assembly room, which holds about 6,000 Saints. But as the faithful flocked in by every train, the old tabernacle, which resemevery train, the old tabernacle, which resembles an inverted soup toureen, was resorted to. It will sent 10,000 and yesterday it was crowded to its utmost. Moses Thatcher, one of the Twelve Apostles, who has seven wives, said that the Edmunds bill originated in Sait Lake with the Methodists, and that its passage was a triumph of the Gentile Church over the State. Thatcher closed by advising all of the churchmen to patronize none but Mormon shorekeepers.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF PARIS. Duels-The Pavilion Bu Barry-Seciety in

1882-Feminius Attire-Winter Fashions
-Fashion in Furniture-A Modern Re-naissance Palace-Sardon's New Drama. Paris, Oct. 6.- It was Ludwig Borne who pigrammatically remarked the admirable skill that the French have in pushing a discussion to the limits of offensiveness without overstepping those limits, and in gesticulating with their fists under each other's noses without actually coming to blows. There are days, however, when they do come to blows, beard-pulling and hat-slamming-phenomena which. ecording to the requirements of the laws of honor, are invariably followed by a skeworing Meyer, editor of the Gaulois newspaper, and M. Gaston Dreyfus fought with swords until M. Meyer was wounded slightly on the chin, and honor was satisfied. The cause of the duel was this: The head of the banking firm of Dreyfus put an advertisement in the Paris papers announcing that he would not be responsible for the debts of his prodigal son. Thereupon the prodigal son inserted a disrespectful counter-notice in the Gaulois stating that he was in dire necessity owing to his father's severity, and begging his friends to send him help, particularly gifts in kind, cold fus, brother of the prodigal son, blackguarded M. Meyer in the Stock Exchange on account of this note, and hence the duel.

This ingenious Arthur Meyer, founder of the

Musce Grevin, speculator, editor of the Gau-lois, defender of the rights of the altar and of the crown, and, above all, as he prides himself, a man of the world, is one of the many queer characters that we have in republican Paris. He is a clever humbug who has come to believe in himself. While remaining the keeper of a wax-work show and a smart newspaper man, as things go in Paris, he would have one believe that he is more royalist than the Comte de Chambord-which, by the way, would not be difficult-and more mindful of the interests of the Pope than the Pope himself. Intimately connected by busines relations with the Camondos, who are Portuguese Jews, Arthur Meyer attempts to give a varnish of elegance to the dinners and fêtes which the elder Ca-mondo's Dulcinea gives in her house at Louveclennes, and this house is no other than the splendid pavilion formerly inhabited by Mme. Du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV.! Is not this at once a sign of the times and an explanation of the ardent royalism which character-

izes the editor of the Gaulois?"

Society under the third republic is indeed a droll mixture. Take the brilliant crowd that throngs the Avenue des Acacias—the Rotten Row of Paris—and fills the Champs Elysées with its equipages and luxury, what is it composed of? Bookmakers, clever rascals of all kinds, horse dealers, exotic millionaires, courtesans, and a few honest folk sprinkled thinly here and there, like the plums in what used to be called, in economical households, "Shouting pudding." The "tout Paris" of 1882 is not what it was twenty years ago-the élite of the Parisians who were distinguished by their birth, their talent, or their beauty. As Albert Wolff remarked the other day, there is no longer any line of demarcation between the different fractions of Parisian society. The fusion is complete, and there are perhaps none

of the past, a revival of the surroundings of those valois who were the friends of art and letters. So, too, at this exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie, apart from the tissues, the paper hangings, and the cheap bousehold furniture, everything is a revival, a reminiscence, or an imitation, of the marvels of past agos.

Strange creatures the Parisans are. They concern themselves much more about Sardou's new drama. Fedora, in which Sarah Bernhardt is to appear at the Vaudeville this winter, or about the spraited ankle of Mile. Bosita Mauri of the Opera, than they do about the important interests of France in Africa, for instance. The other day, as Honry M. Stanley was on his way through Paris from the Congo River to Brussels to reader account of his mission to his employer. King Loopoid of Belgium, he was interviewed by a roporter. New, it miss be stated that Stanley has a French rival, M. de Brazza, who has been up the Congo, and took possession of certain territory in the name of France in October, 1880. M. de Brazza further concluded a treaty with some of the potentatos of the Congo' for the establishment of a French trading station. Now the thing is to get this treaty ratified by the French Chamber acre desperately slowly. Now, Stanley says that M. de Brazza's treaty and his planting of the French Chamber acre desperately slowly. Now, Stanley says that M. de Brazza's treaty and his planting of the French Chamber acre desperately slowly. Now, Stanley says that M. de Brazza's treaty and his planting of the French Chamber acre desperately slowly. Now, Stanley says that M. de Brazza's treaty and his planting of the French Chamber acre desperately slowly. Now, Stanley says that M. de Brazza's treaty and his planting of the French Chamber acre desperately slowly. Now, Stanley says that Brazza's the Congo do not amount to anything, inasmuch as he can to Stanley further says that Brazza's expedition did not amount to anything, inasmuch as he can to Stanley's practical and thoroughly unsentimental tale and the say THEODORE CHILD.

How the Egyptians Tortured their Prisoners. From the London Morning Advertiser.

Carno, Oct. 2.-When the British forces occupied the citadel of Cairo they found that tortures had been inflicted upon prisoners that were horrible in their barbarity, reminding one of the old inquisition period. The prisoners had been beaten and racked if they could not pay money; they had been hanged up by the thumbs. by the ankles, by straps around their waists; their bodies had been bared, the skin over the hips and legs booles had been bared, the skin over the hijs and legs tightened by a contrivance so ingenious that only a field inspired by Satan could have devised it, and then the last applied, one man making an upward blow alter-nately with the downward cut of another, mill at las-title flesh in pieces was lifted from the quivering victim. Then, too, the bastinado, most herrible of all punishments, was used. I saw prisoners who could not walk, and whose feet were simply lumps of discolored fiesh. Others I saw and talked to who had been flayed. One, Others I saw and talked to who had been flayed. One, an old man, seemed to be dying. Mad with the agony of pain he had endured, he dashed away from his tormentors, and, running swiftly around the mosque, he jumped thirty feet down the rampart. When he reached the buttom he lay a crushed and helpless mass below, and then they brought him back, and they flogged him again on the limbs that were broken, and on the bones

that protruded through the fleeh.

The name of the brute who perpetrated these atrocties is Saileman Zorab Zim Pasha, a Colonel in the artillery, by brith from Kantarah, by education a solder, by nature a flend. Col. Knox having discovered all the facts, he called Mr. Zorah Pasha into his presence, and ordered him to be manacled. They put heavy irons on him, I assure you. They screwed them tight, too, and Tommy Atkins made no endeavor to ease him of the miseries of captivity. He will probably be shot.

PANCIES IN CARPETS.

Oriental Prayer Rugs to Demand-The Mage

"Do you sell prayer rugs?" the reporter asked the manager of one of the largest carpet houses in the neighborhood of Union Square. "They are often inquired for," he replied, and we sell a considerable number. They are limited, however, as to size, and that fact keeps the sales within a certain limit. Most of the prayer carpets are made in India, chiefly at Darheston, in Hindostan. A few are manufac-tured in Smyrna. They are all made by hand, and are unusually gay in color, considering the places they come from and the purposes for which they are used. We will take the elevator, if you like, and examine some of thom."

A well-lighted floor of 200 feet or more in length was soon reached. It was covered from end to end with all kinds, sizes, and colors of

Oriental rugs, and a few prayer carpets were laid out in the sunlight. "These vary in price," said the manager,
"and may be had at from \$20 to \$50 each; they
all measure about six feet by four. The borders are very handsome, and the colors of a peculiarly decided character. The ground work in all of them is but little covered, and all have their characteristic mark-that open.

have their characteristic mark—that open, oddly shaped figure placed nearer one of its ends than the other."

Are prayer rugs used for devotional purposes?" asked the reporter.

The carpet man appeared to be amused by the question.

"Prayer carpets," he replied, "are purchased chiefly for their oddlity and the fine work bestowed upon their boyders. They are reculiar rather than beautiful, and are used for all legitimate rug purposes."

Prayer carnets," he roplied, "are purchased chiefly for their oddity and the fine work bestowed upon their borders. They are peculiar rather than beautiful and are used for all legitimate rug purposes."

Tindia carpets," he continued, "come chiefly from Bangalore, Lahore, and Messulipataw. Then we have the Cashmere and the Ablawoolia—also from India—and all hand woven. The Indias run deep and rich in color, mostly in angular and odd mosine figures, varied now and then by an occasional leaning toward rudimental arabesque forms. They are soft and thick, and are much used in drawing rooms. The Persian carpets are not so thick, but are closely woven and very durable. They are stiff and he flat, not unlike the old Aubusson carpets, and are of heavier texture. In color the Persians are ighter, and are considered by some purchasera more tasteful and elegant than India goods. Here is a f specimen of the best Forsian work. The, "a is of a rich blue shade, not unlike that of a turquoise, a color which has not been successfully imifated. The small figures are finely worked in, and for tracery work in foriental carpet weaving may be seen in these borders. Persian carpets are dought to be more suitable for libraries and dining rooms than those from India.

"The prices for Indian and Persian goods run about the same. The one you have seen, ten feet by fifteen, is worth \$250. These qualities are of the best; they vary in size from 9 by 12 feet to 15 by 22 and sell at from \$100 to \$400. They are not specially made for this or any particular market, but are purchased by travelling middlemen or brought to the eastern than the same. The one you have seen, ten feet by fifteen, is worth \$250. These qualities are of the best; they vary in size from 9 by 12 feet to 15 by 22 and sell at from \$100 to \$400. They are not specially made for this or any particular market, but are purchased by travelling middlemen or brought to the eastern. Those who weave them seem to follow out the fancy of the moment, and it often brings about very eccen